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the strenuous urging of circumstances permits the artist no time for reflection and forces him to use the every-day and well-tried formulæ. But the real reason is that the age is wanting in the finer sensibilities which crave the art expression, having devoted itself to commerce, to science and to constructive altruism. Other commercial ages have felt the true art impulse. The truths of science should not overshadow the truths of art, while constructive altruism should be counted on to instill correct principles of life, and even the ordered expression of those principles. A great work is laid down for the teachers of ethics and for the schools of ethics and of esthetics when they turn from the pedantry of culture and a contemplation of the traditions of the past to study in all humility and sincerity the nature and application of the laws of truth and beauty.

The true characteristic of our American life seems to be a devotion to the humanities; and the temples we erect to it are the schools, the hospitals, the asylums, the settlement houses, the workshops, the mercantile buildings, the churches, and the homes. Our government buildings should embody the essence of all these. To the artist who rightly apprehends the interrelationship of the intellectuality, the spirituality, and the ideality inhering in these types, there opens up the possibility of leaving the indelible impress of his individuality on the art expression of his time and to adding

his increment and its increment to the ultimate expression of his race; but to this end the artist needs the assistance and inspiration of the unconfused utterance of communal and national ideals.

It seems impossible that, with all our background, with all our sources of knowledge and all our opportunities for consistent upward development we are as individuals and as a race devoid of high idealism in art. It seems impossible that these examples I have cited, and which seem to mark a general tendency, are more than superficial trappings which indeed do not "denote us truly." If they are us then we are in another dark period of history. If we really are, as individuals and as a race, sincere in our ideality, then time will wipe away these manifestations, as accidentals and incidentals, as scaffolds, in more meanings than one, from which we are building the image of our better self, and which having been built, shall endure.

Our salvation in art will come when having proved that we are capable of self-government, that we have conceived, have developed and can maintain permanently and justly and orderly a government of the people, by the people, for the people, we realize that this is but one form of our individual expression, and that the social, the ethical, and the esthetic phases are just as expressive of us and as much a part of us, and just as much to be developed along individual lines as is our governmental form.

AMERICA AT ROME

BY HARRISON S. MORRIS

COMMISSIONER GENERAL FROM THE UNITED STATES TO THE ROMAN ART EXPOSITION

IT is perhaps unique in the annals of foreign art expositions that the United States should appropriate a sum for the erection of a building to house the creations of its artists. At Paris in 1900 America had galleries assigned it in the

palace provided by France. The various nations who contributed their art to the Expositions at Chicago and St. Louis were hospitably welcomed into the art structures erected by those cities. Not since 1900 at Paris has America exhibited of-



THE AMERICAN PAVILION AT THE ROMAN EXPOSITION

ficially abroad, and now, when she shows her best in ideals of art in Rome, she does it, so to speak, in her own home. This is an advance on the old practice. It is promise of better things for the future. America has an art which belongs to her alone; but it is ignored in Europe because it is hardly ever seen there. Our Government has not been inclined to give serious consideration to our art until now; and though the sum assigned was far below that which was appropriated by the other principal countries, still it is a beginning, a recognition, which every hopeful stand-patter for brains versus money ought to welcome with a shout.

One of the aims of the Roman Committee was to show architecture as a living art rather than as a diagram. They hoped for the erection of competitive houses characteristic of each nation. But this was out of the range of individual architects and it fell through, save in the admirable group of Italian houses illustrating each state of Italy in the Piazza d'Armi.

Thus, when a Pavilion for America was planned it was decided to take hold of this idea and show Europe an American

country house—or as we now call it, “home.”

They have no such thing in Europe, where the dwelling houses are either chateaux or small square boxes of cement with a conical roof, and brick or plaster sides ornamented with yellow and green tiles in appalling taste. Therefore, a house newly designed by Carrère and Hastings was hurriedly adapted to the gallery requirements and hustled up in time to be ready for the opening of the Exposition. The appropriation was made in May, 1910, the appointment of a Commissioner General was confirmed in June, and the show was to open the following March—eight months to select a site and put up an American house in a distant land under conditions of labor unknown and difficult, and with material equally unknown to American architects. England and Hungary had their pavilions nearly finished when America chose her site; France and Germany were on the grounds months before America began.

The American “Home” adopted was of brick and it was thought to be a rather good notion to show Rome, the native land of the “harmless necessary” brick, some



MRS. FISKE-WARREN AND HER DAUGHTER

JOHN S. SARGENT

LENT BY FISKE-WARREN, ESQ.

of our own invention. "Tapestry-bricks" were sent from America, and the house that is built of them has become the cynosure of Roman interest, as it centers in bricks. They have no such design work in Italy, and from Royalty down they

have asked questions and wondered at our enterprise in sending such material so far. We found it as cheap, and more illustrative of our home methods, to export the bricks and put up a really truly American house than to attempt what is apolo-



MRS. THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND HER DAUGHTER

CECILIA BEAUX

LENT BY MRS. THEODORE ROOSEVELT

getically called a "Palace," with the small sum at our command.

In this American "home" of designed bricks and green shutters and red-tiled roof, whose essential skylights rather forbid a strict "sense of home," the United

States has installed her art. The French Pavilion has been called a "Meringue" and the German a "Morgue," ours has been termed by unsympathetic Americans a "Garage" and a "sad little house." But it has met with the cordial praise of those



MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK

PAUL CORNOYER

who know best, and that it holds the approval of Rome is testified by the urgent wish of the Mayor and City that it shall be presented as a permanent ornament to their grounds; while not a few offers have been received from Romans, and Americans resident in Rome, to buy it as a Villa, amid its lovely surroundings of stone-pines and shrubbery, the haunt of nightingales, and with its incomparable outlook across the Campagna to the snowy Apennines.

Americans may feel well satisfied with their home at the Capital of the World. It is thus praised by the *Giornale d'Italia*: "In Europe much talk is devoted to the 'pork merchants' of America, and much diversion is taken out of the millionaires of the other side of the sea. But this does not seem to us fair. Visit that bright elegant American Pavilion—a private cottage' in some favorite part of New England—all beautifully decorated and

embanked in flowers, and behold the difference between the ideals of a people who have inherited their taste from antique sources and the shapeless and gross work of the nation ruled by the Kaiser."

In this "New England cottage," then, the pictures and sculptures by American artists have been placed in competition with the European—even the Asian—world.

And with what result?

If I were to give my own view it would be charged that I was not impartial, I should be accused of conceit; and the pull-backs—of whom there are always many, to pick flaws in patriotic efforts—would find twenty ways of twisting the words awry.

I must, therefore, in this very brief paper fall back on the opinions of unbiased witnesses, and to begin at the top I can quote the Italian Royalty as genuinely

delighted with our collection. Both King and Queen on a very hot day stopped long and eagerly before many works and asked with intelligent interest about them. They liked the canvases that illustrated phases of American life and the streets of New York—Putnam Brinley's "Sherman Square," Cornoyer's "Madison Square," Colin Cooper's "Liberty Street Crevasse," George Luks' "East Side Market," and George Bellows' "Coney Island." But they were also attracted by works of technical quality such as Miss Genth's "Spirit of the Earth," Jonas Lie's "Setting Out to Sea," Weir's "Hunter's Moon," and Brush's matchless madonnas. I can give only a few of the pictures the Royalties admired, striking, so to speak, the high places of their attention, but they were evidently impressed beyond their expectation by the art of that "money-getting" America, and they told me that in the early fall when the daily functions were over they meant to go back quietly and enjoy at leisure what they then saw with too little time for contemplation.

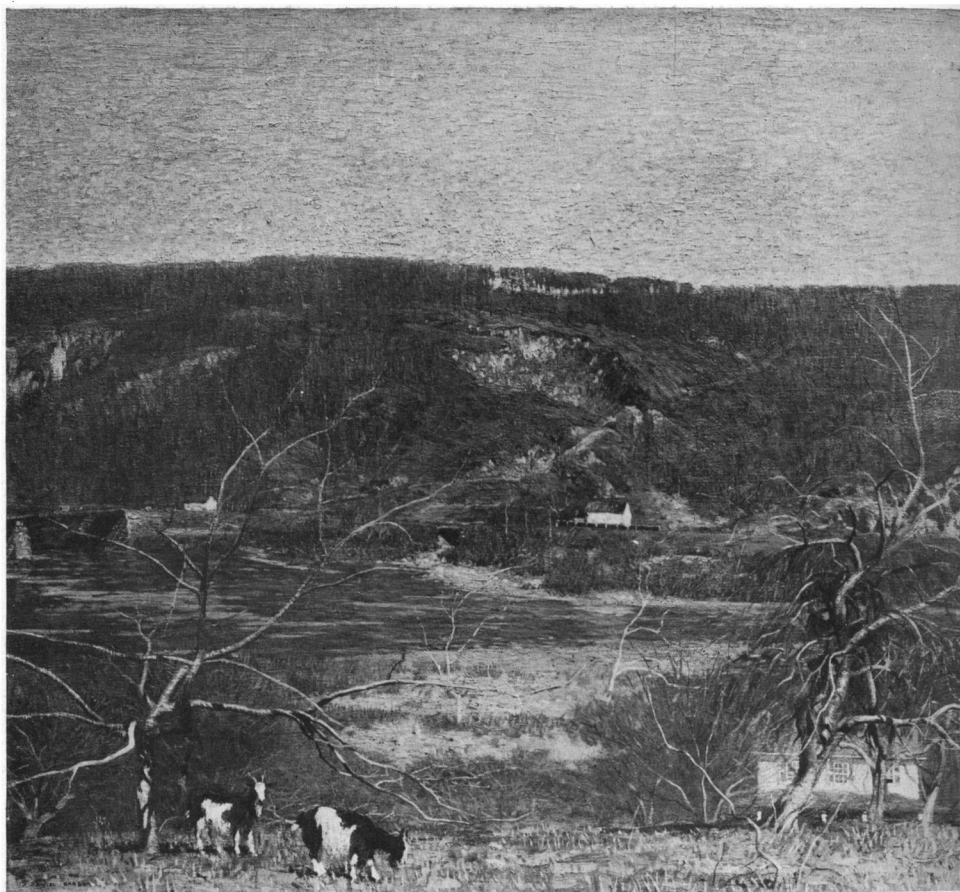
And so it was with the Queen Mother, Margharita. She came alone with a small suite and spent the afternoon rambling through our galleries. When she had examined everything minutely and praised all, with the intelligence of a practiced artist—for she paints skilfully in water-color—she sighed for more—there was not enough. She was attracted by our novelties of technique, our color, and our subjects, and most especially was she interested in the experiments in water-color of George Hallowell, Dodge McKnight, Charles Hopkinson, and with "Autumn Glory" by Will Robinson, and "The Dark" by Jessie Willcox Smith, she expressed special delight.

At the "Palace of the Cæsars," that adorable restaurant away up on top of the Aventine, there was a luncheon for the journalists who had dealt with the works shown in the Exposition. They made speeches in their fluent, fiery way and said much about what America "from New York to the Argentine" meant to them and to Italy, and all sorts of other impas-



CONEY ISLAND

GEORGE BELLOW'S



HILLS OF BYRAM

DANIEL GARBER

LENT BY THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO

sioned and sparkling things; but when they came to American art they grew more conservative and analytical and what I made out of it was that "Rome is the mother of art, and is jealous of her praise, etc., etc., etc.,—each etc. standing for adjectives about Rome—but they had seen the American pictures and sculpture, and Rome could not withhold her praise—she could not give it to all nations; the American work had extorted it; and then there were more passionate "etc.'s" about America.

This was also echoed in the Italian press and reflected in the judgment of the Italian artists. They thought we ought to have spent more money on our building, because America always means in Europe,

Money; but they acknowledged the quality of our art—and that is a good deal in a city where art has been a monopoly and America has been the home of pork.

All of which leads to the hope that other chances for the collective exhibition of American art in Europe may come, and may be embraced; for each demonstration of our national fitness to be respected for ideals of taste will help to convince Europe that we have other ideals of life than dollars and dinners and dress—perhaps they may even take on respect for our literature, which now they know as little as they do our boundaries. We Americans are justly swellheaded about ourselves. The very use of the name "America" shows that. But over there

they distinguish us by assigning us where we belong—to North America—and if, as a nation, we need a spur toward the development of the life intellectual it will be found in a trip to Italy where they don't know, and don't care, very much about us. They have a sentiment for the "land of the free" but they know hardly a fact about our teeming life; and about our "things of the spirit" they are dense.

The English, the Germans, and the French who saw our collection were full of well-considered praise for it. I mean, of course, those officials with whom I went over it; and one American after another, artist as well as tourist, has come to us with quite unsolicited enthusiasm, asking again and again, how we were able to get together so splendid and representative a collection for exhibition so far from home and for so long a time. The knowledge that the group is doing such patriotic service should be some return to those enlightened citizens and institutions who have lent their precious works for an absence of over a year in a foreign land.

As anybody will see who goes even casually over the catalogue there are no appreciable omissions in the list of our leading artists at their best, while there are names in abundance which stand for every new movement in our art. It was the aim to give every impulse a chance. Too often, the well-known annual exhibitions fall into the power of a few painters who stand for only one thing. That one thing is a good thing, but it is not the only thing; and here was a chance to give everybody who could paint or model a fair show; and that the show would be before an international audience made it all the more valuable. Preconceptions that limit at home, might be swept away by impartial judgment abroad.

Every school of contemporary American art is represented and when the collective result is viewed I feel sure that any impartial critic will agree that our art gains from this inclusive method of showing it. After all, we have a composite national life and when this is reflected in our art it makes many variations. It is not fair that a few who think one way

should have the power of depriving of the privilege of exhibition those who think another, and hence it is, that, when a showing of our pictures and sculpture, even in the limited range imposed by restricted space, is allowed an unbiased freedom of choice, it makes strong appeal, both to the foreigner who is not familiar with it, and to the American who is.

The Exposition in celebration of Italy's Freedom and Unity will remain open until November 1, 1911. The best months for seeing it are yet to come. Rome is entrancing at any season; but when the cooler days of September and October arrive and the streets with their opera stage-settings and moving, amiable crowds take on the tempered activity of autumn, there is a charm in the air, and a color and fascination in the age-old *vias* and *corsos* and gardens and churches and ruins, and even in the hotels and dwelling places of the wandering pilgrims, that has no counterpart this side of the moon.

ARTS AND CRAFTS EXHIBITION

A special exhibition of Arts and Crafts work was shown under the auspices of the American Federation of Arts at the Wisconsin State Fair in September. This was made up of collections assembled and contributed by the Boston, Peterborough and Hingham Societies of Arts and Crafts, and the Massachusetts Commission for the Blind, which very generously lent some of the Cambridge rugs and artistic finer fabrics woven skilfully by blind craftsmen. The exhibit from Peterborough comprised baskets and cut work; that from Hingham, the same classes of objects with the addition of dolls' furniture. From the Boston Society came silverware of exceptional beauty both in design and workmanship; jewelry of special charm, enameling, wood carving, illuminating, stenciling, lace, and embroidery, as well as pottery from the leading American potters. Collectively these made a comprehensive and well-balanced little show.